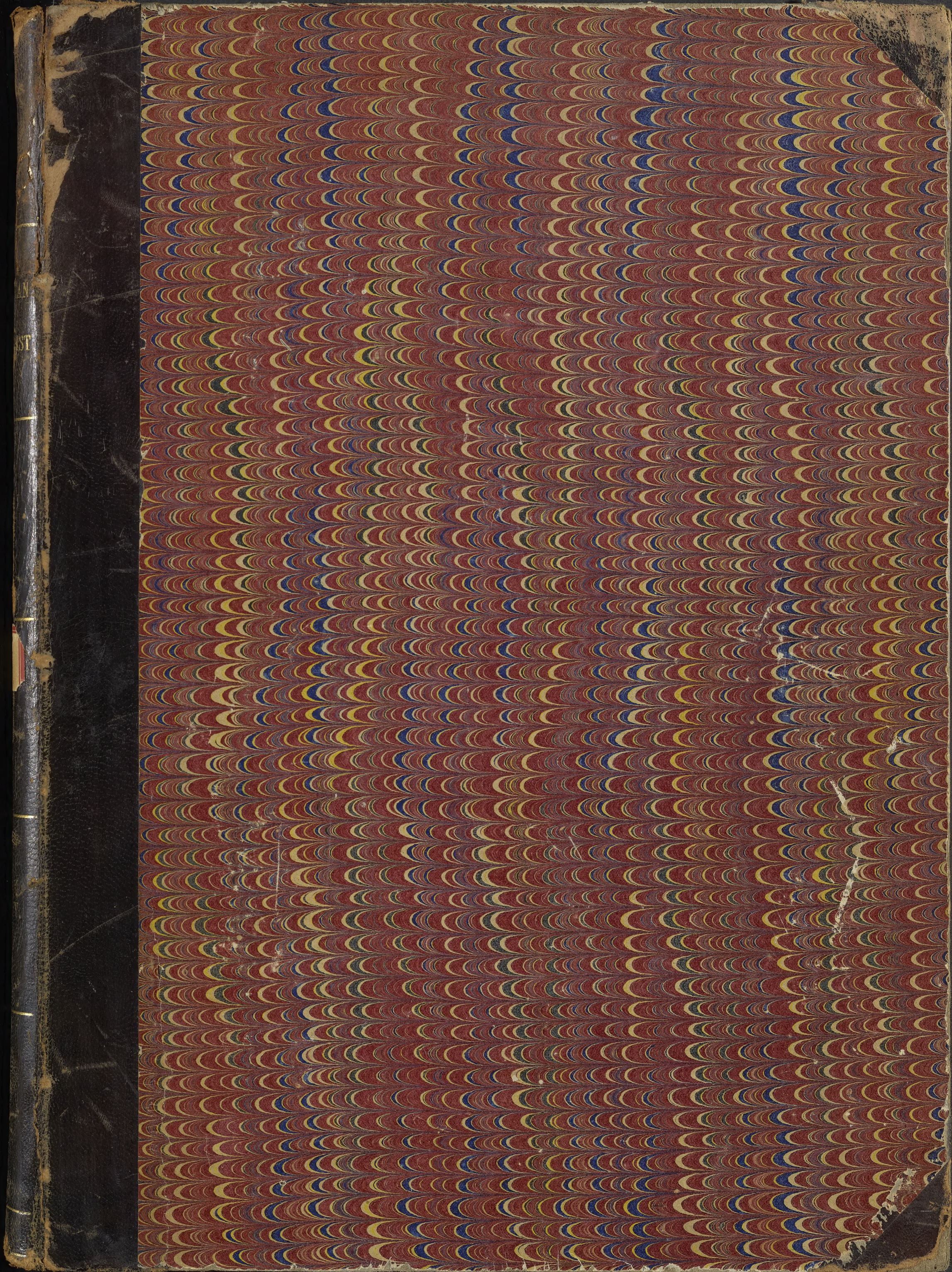




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THE
AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

DEVOTED TO THE ENLARGEMENT AND PERFECTION OF HOME.

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SOCIALISTIC NOTICES.

Respectable Advertisements of Communities, Coöperative Societies, and new Socialistic ventures of any kind, will be inserted, with the distinct understanding that the publishers do not thereby assume any responsibility as endorsing the character, moral or financial, of such organizations. The rate for these special notices is one cent for each word, each insertion, cash in advance.

WHAT THE PAPER IS AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

THE sub-heading under the title tells in as few words as possible what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST is; but to see how the object proposed in that sub-heading permeates vast varieties of discussion and information on Communism, Coöperation and all connected themes, political and religious, the paper itself must be read. To show what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST is not, we quote a passage from a letter received from a Shaker of very high standing in his order—in fact, a member of the Ministry, and surely a trustworthy witness for the point he makes. After reading the paper a year, he says: "I see that some are, as I was a year ago, misled by supposing the AMERICAN SOCIALIST to be the organ of the Oneida Community, when it seems no more to be the organ of that body than though such body had no existence. I have perused it with some care the past year, with others, and find it 'first best' of its class. Of all the *solidaire* Socialistic organs, it stands without a peer."

A COMMUNISTIC PLAN OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Old subscribers express enthusiastic appreciation of the paper, whenever they say any thing of its character; but it is evident that the hard times are bearing so heavily on the tax-burdened people, that they find it difficult to spare a dollar or two for a paper they really prize! Now and then an able-bodied man writes sending a dollar and apologizing for not sending two to pay for a full year, by saying that he has been laying by that dollar, a few pennies at a time, for several weeks. Others, yet worse off, ask us to give them a month or two more in which to prepare for a similar payment. Such letters touch us in a tender spot, and we shall do what we can, without actually entering on the credit system, to help bridge over present poverty. In a few instances wealthy readers of the SOCIALIST have sent five dollars or more to pay for the new volume, the amount in excess of two dollars being intended as a gift to us. Such cases are rare, but they suggest a method whereby the real spirit of Communism might act so as to relieve poor people and at the same time extend the circulation of our paper, notwithstanding the hard times. Let every person who can spare a dollar besides his regular subscription, and who is interested in our cause, send the dollar to us with the name of some poor person to whom he would like the SOCIALIST sent, and we will contribute the other dollar in every case and send a full volume. That is, we will contribute as much, in this way, as all others will send us. If the sender does not know a suitable poor person who would like to receive the paper, we will, when requested, suggest one of the many who apply to us and state his lack of means. This plan is exactly suited to the genius of Communism, which teaches those who have an abundance to help those who lack. There are plenty of men who can spare a dollar for such a cause as this, if they can but be appealed to. The success of any such plan depends on the earnestness with which our readers themselves will advocate and make it known.

CORRESPONDENCE.

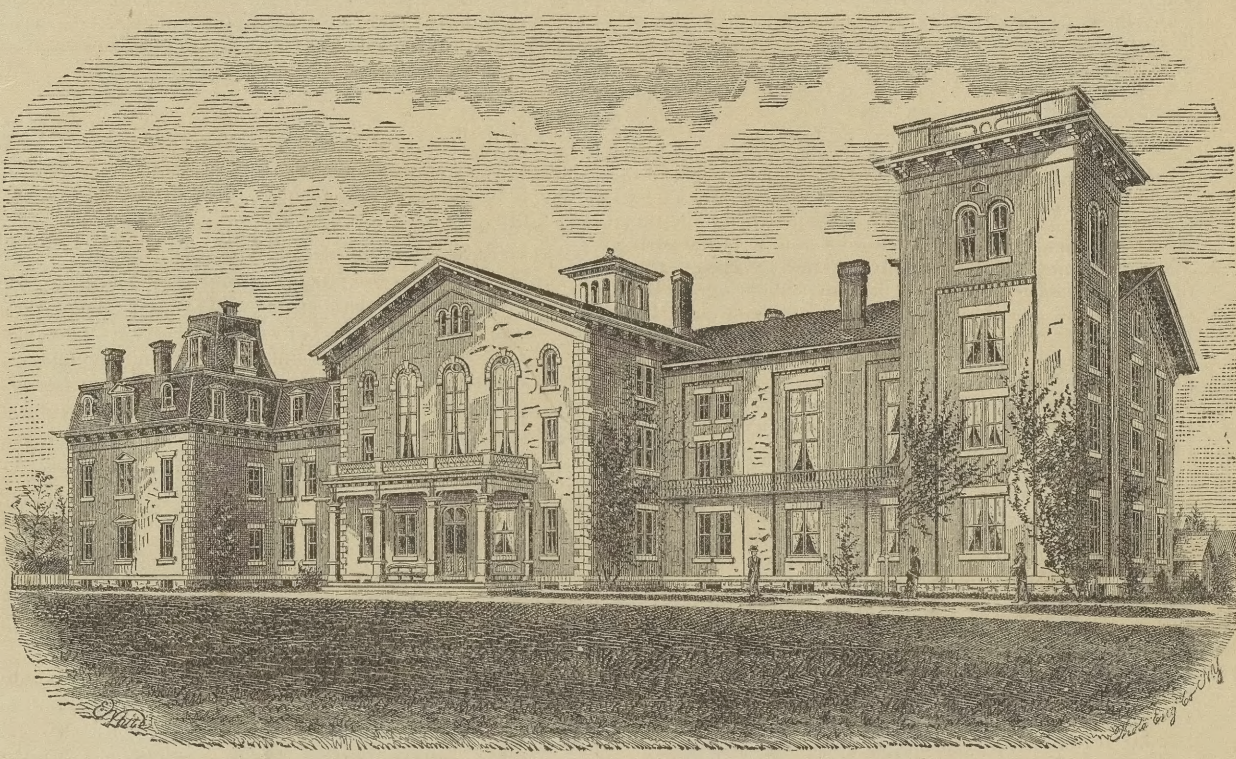
Communications for the AMERICAN SOCIALIST are invited from all friends of its purposes. Its editors, however, must be the judges of the fitness of articles sent; and they can not undertake to return manuscripts that do not suit them, unless the writers expressly request it and inclose postage money when the manuscripts are sent.

All correspondence should be addressed to

"The American Socialist, Oneida, N. Y."

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ONEIDA COMMUNITY—FRONT VIEW OF THE MAIN BUILDING.

Several months since we gave a view of the Shaker Village of Mount Lebanon, from a plate obtained for Hinds's "American Communities;" we now give a view of the principal dwelling of the Oneida Community which appeared in the same work. (A large building has been added since the engraving was made.) We wish we could continue these illustrations, and will print every good cut or plate, illustrative of the several Communities in the United States, that may be sent us for this purpose.

SOCIALISTIC NOTES.

The workhouses of London are filled to overflowing, so great is the distress among the common people.

Notice of a reduction of 12½ per cent. in wages has been given to the colliers in South Yorkshire and Derbyshire, England—a reduction affecting nearly one hundred thousand men.

The author of "The Contrabandist—a Tale of the Last Century"—a serial now appearing in the *Coöperative News*, in the last number mentions the AMERICAN SOCIALIST as "a paper which should not only be in the reading-room of every store, but in the hands of every real coöperator."

The Boston *Herald* says: "It has been discovered to be the opinion of a large number of our most prominent business men that our industries and trade have prospered during the past year, and are better off to-day than they were a year ago, in spite of the many financial disasters which have come with unusual severity."

Charles W. Felt of Northboro, Mass., recently read before the New England Woman's Club of Boston an essay on "The Shakers of New England," "which attempted to show," the Boston *Herald* says, "that they are the best exemplification of Christian Communism." This is only one of the many signs that Socialism is commanding more and more attention. Why shouldn't the women's clubs and men's clubs all over the country make it a matter of special discussion this winter? They couldn't find a better theme.

Alfred Cridge of California proposes a new system of legislative representation that is worthy of study. Supposing that on an average in any State it takes 2,500 votes to elect a member of the legislature, his plan would allow that number of persons, however scattered in the State, to have a representative of their choice provided they concentrated their votes upon any one man. "This," he says, "would dispense with all cliques and complications; it is direct, simple, just, and complete. It is not minority representation, as it is incorrectly termed. It does represent minorities, but only in proportion to their numbers. It is complete or proportional representation. The present system only claims to represent majorities, but in fact it represents very small minorities."

Prof. Henry Fawcett has begun a course of lectures on Socialism at the University of Cambridge, England. It will be seen from the following paragraph that he is wise enough to recognize the fact that repressive measures are powerless

to stay the progress of Socialistic ideas. He says:

"It will not be difficult to show that no policy can be more short-sighted or more unwise than to endeavor to repress socialism by imposing legislative penalties on those who advocate its principles. All experience proves that the movement will not be thus suppressed, but, on the contrary, will, in all probability, be made to assume a more dangerous development. For centuries in our own country a succession of statutes were passed, with the object of preventing combinations among the working-classes, and the chief result of this legislation was to intensify all the worst evils which could result from such combinations, for workmen were thus driven to form themselves into secret societies. It is scarcely possible to make a graver mistake than to allow our judgment of a great social movement to be determined by some circumstance which may be accidentally connected with it. The recent deplorable attempt which was made on the Emperor of Germany's life seems to have caused many of the leading statesmen of that country to be panic-stricken with alarm about socialism, and they appear to have eagerly rushed to the conclusion that between socialism and political assassination there is a close and necessary connection. Socialists have been described by Prince Bismarck as 'bandits,' who must be extirpated, as if they were outcasts of society. Nothing can be more unfair or more unreasonable than to associate the socialists of Germany and other countries with the crimes of a few fanatics. Religion is not to be discarded because of the fearful deeds of cruelty which have been done by zealots, who thought they were performing a holy work if they tortured men into the acceptance of what they regarded as the true faith. The principles of socialism have not suddenly sprung into existence. They may now be assuming a new form, and new methods of carrying them out may now be proposed, but from the earliest times the principles of socialism in various forms have been advocated by some of the wisest and best of men. The social life of the early Christians was organized on communistic principles. 'All that believed were together, and had all things common, and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need.' Throughout the 'Republic' of Plato and the 'Utopia' of Sir Thomas More, proposals are developed, with the utmost elaboration of detail, for organizing society on a communistic basis. In fact, in every age and in every country, socialism has been more or less actively developed; for whenever there is a marked difference in the condition of different classes, whenever the great wealth of the few can be contrasted with the deep poverty of the many, sympathy is sure to be aroused, and a feeling spreads that some means should be adopted to secure a more equal distribution of wealth. With the object of remedying this inequality in the distribution of wealth, various schemes have been from time to time propounded, which, however much they differ, have all been based on what may be regarded as the fundamental principle of socialism—that men should not be permitted to appropriate to their sole use all that they are able to acquire, but that a portion of what they possess should be devoted to the relief of the necessitous."

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

Parke Godwin, who thirty and more years ago won a reputation as an able writer and speaker on Socialistic questions, last week gave the workingmen of New York City a lecture at the Cooper Institute. The following meager report of it appeared in the New York Sun:

"The subject was, 'The Social Problem.' The civilization of our ancestors, he said, yet lives. The main difference between the condition of workingmen of old, and now, is that formerly authority was in the ascendant, while liberty now reigns. Only by revolutions, chiefly that by the gallant French nation, were the thousands of impositions on the laboring men thrown off. The speaker traced the results that have flowed from disenthralled labor, such as enlarged and diffused education, benevolence made efficient, science made useful in lengthening life and driving away epidemics and famine, and laws more just and gentle. Yet we have to regret that the distributive power is not governed. In the midst of abundance want stalks in our midst. Vast numbers of men find no work; others receive a stinted recompense for labor, and remain on the border of penury. Scenes in many cities and mining and manufacturing districts remind us of famine in the middle ages. Freedom unchains the bad tendencies in society as well as the good, and both will work out their results. Many vices of older civilizations remain. Extreme division of labor confines woman, who should be at home, or the child, who should be at play, in the close factory. Capitalists have great and obvious advantages, and labor is handicapped in the race. Yet with true and just laws, labor may win the race in the end. Capital is a dead, sterile thing, and is more dependent on labor than labor is on it. It is only a tool, and any fool may own it, but it takes brains to use it. Mr. Godwin described a panic as a result of the credit system of doing business. Such tempests, that occur periodically and knock you down as fast as you can get up, are disastrous to laboring interests. The question he said, how to preserve at once the liberty of labor and keep the balance of society is the social problem of the hour. His solution is, first to learn the laws of social forces. Then the remedy may be found. From observing carefully and then generalizing by induction the solution may be obtained. Society must be better organized."

In this connection we present for the edification of our readers one of Parke Godwin's old utterances on a kindred theme. We take it from his "Constructive and Pacific Democracy," published in 1844:

"Man has a right to a living from the earth, or he would not have been sent here; and, for the same reason, he has a right to use all those elements which are necessary to his full growth and development. The possession of these rights, imposes corresponding duties on society. It is the primary, fundamental, most important and imperative duty of society to guarantee his rights to every human being. But no society that ever existed, no society that now exists, has discharged this duty. A majority of men have had hard work to get even bread and water enough to keep them alive, under the old arrangements, to say nothing of the higher wants of the mind and soul. Indeed, a theory has gone forth, and is earnestly vindicated in high places, that all society has to do, is to protect the person and property of the individual! A despicable theory even if it were carried into practice! But unfortunately, this duty, small as it is, has not been met. Society has not protected property. It is true, the property of the rich has been hedged round with the thicket fences of all law, learning and public opinion. Accumulated labor in the shape of capital is the golden fruit, watched by many-headed dragons; but living, breathing labor, which is the poor man's only property, is flung loose to the winds, left to shift for itself, without guaranty, without protection. Yet, society pays a fearful penalty for this neglect of its duty. Its armies of paupers, its almshouses, its prisons, its soup and clothing charities, its taxes, demonstrate with vivid clearness, how much better it would be for it to stop evils at their source. This can only be done by the thorough reorganization which we propose—an organization which would secure to every man, woman and child, (1,) the means of comfortable subsistence, such as a clean house, wholesome food, decent clothes, and the privacy of their families; (2,) the opportunities of education in elementary branches of knowledge, in the business of life, in the positive sciences, and in the general principles of fine art; (3,) the facilities of intercourse with their fellows, with a position to be affected by all the gentler and more refined influences of learned and polite conversation and deportment.

"It is because we believe that an organization, according to our principles, would secure these ends, that we have ventured to speak of Democracy. Never was there a word more abused—never was there a word more profoundly significant. It does not mean that ferocious spirit of leveling, which, in the French Revolution, crumbled the entire Past, and even plucked God from his throne; nor yet the wild, dirty, and turbulent mobism, which in this country, covers with the slime of its filthiness, every character that is purer and nobler than itself; but it does mean a condition of society in which the least individual shall have his rights acknowledged, and the means and opportunities for the fullest expansion of his faculties guaranteed. It means a social state, where the whole of life, for nine-tenths of the people, shall not be a suicidal struggle for life; where the finer essences of the soul shall not be ground out to furnish bare nutriment for the body; where none of its families shall esteem it a curse to have children born to them; where honesty and diligence, not impudence and falsehood,

shall be the measures of success, and where noble thoughts and generous emotions shall not be trampled out, because, forsooth, they are not what the worldly-wise deem practicable or prudent. But the great fact of the Brotherhood of Man shall be recognized—that Humanity is a living organism, of which every individual is a member—each in his sphere bound to his fellows and the whole, as the arm or foot is bound to the body—a partaker in their wrongs—a sufferer of their diseases—a sharer in their felicity, and a co-worker with them for good and evil. Then, in the arrangements of the State, the reconciling maxims of distributive equity shall take the place of the insane and destructive doctrines of positive equality—the slavery of pauperism and vice shall be succeeded by rational freedom—and the palsying stagnation of hopeless and remediless conservatism give way to the healthful agitation of conservative progress."

THE GOAL.

[From the Coöperative News.]

What is it that Coöperation has to do? Is it only to make the burdens of life a little easier to those on whom they now press most heavily, by placing within their reach a somewhat larger share of the produce of human skill and industry than they could get without it; while it leaves unchanged the competitive structure of society, with its individual ownership of land, its antagonism of capitalist and laborer, its isolated homes and their inevitable attendants for the mass of the population, dirt and disease, ignorance and wretchedness? If so, I can only say that the bright dream of a "good time coming," through human action wisely directed for the common good, of which I have been accustomed to consider our present coöperation for distribution as the inauguration, must be set down as a delusion; and we must learn to reconcile ourselves to the conviction that our coöperative system, when it has done its utmost, will leave the position of the mass of mankind but little altered from that in which it found it. But I do not so conceive the work of coöperation. To me, distributive coöperation is only the first stage of a road of which productive coöperation is the middle, and household coöperation the end. To me coöperation will not have done her work till she has restored to mankind, in the form of joint ownership, that common right in the earth which man began by generally possessing, as every animal but man possesses it still, but which has been exchanged, as society went on, for a form of ownership, that has indeed enormously increased the mass of enjoyable things capable of being owned, but has accompanied this increase by an equally enormous difference in the power of access to the enjoyment of them; till it has come to this, that the "dead man's part" altogether dominates the living man's portion; so that, speaking broadly, it may be said, the rational rule of distribution is reversed, and, instead of the greater remuneration following the harder work, the harder and more repulsive the work the smaller is the reward.

For me, I repeat, coöperation will not have done her work until she has set this world turned topsy-turvy with its right side uppermost, by the only means by which, as I am satisfied, this effect can be produced, but by a means which I am equally satisfied is capable of producing this desired effect—the formation of associated dwellings—social family palaces—on land the joint property of the associated occupiers of them. For thus, according to the profound principle enunciated by M. Godin, who has shown by his own example, in his Familistère at Guise, what could be done by its judicious application, if that application became general, the equivalents of wealth—that is to say, the advantages now given by it to its privileged possessors, but which the exclusiveness of our isolated homes makes accessible only to the few who can lay the labors of many under contribution for their special benefit, may be brought within reach of the masses from whose toil these advantages are derived. Anyone who has seen, as I have had the pleasure of seeing, how, in this creation of far-seeing benevolence, town and country join hands for the benefit of the whole population; how the easiest opportunities for social intercourse can be combined with an unstinted abundance of God's great gifts to man, air and sunshine, and the enjoyment of natural beauties refined by art; how the income of the poor man, while it secures for him, by the arrangements of the social palace, the constant participation in the advantages which he shares with others, is at the same time individually raised to the highest level of purchasing power, by the suppression of the waste inevitable in our isolated homes and competitive existence; how the income thus practically increased is doubled in its effectiveness for procuring rational enjoyment, by the insensible influence of a social atmosphere where men learn to respect themselves by the absence of that which degrades them; any one who follows the admirable system of training for the young connected with this social palace—and possible because it is so connected—from the nurseries where it begins, through the successive schools, all within five minutes' walk of the most remote apartments, where the pupil is well grounded in all the elements of solid instruction, to the classes which for the more active intellects supplement this teaching by lessons suited to their higher capacities and aspirations; and who notes

the facilities for self-cultivation afforded by the ready access to the library which the palace affords—any one, I say, who has done this, must have a far less strong faith than I have in the power of mind over matter, so called, not to feel that in such surroundings the barriers raised between man and man by the inequalities of outward means would soon disappear before the levelling action of an equality in inward possessions, till the "two nations" of Lord Beaconsfield's "Sybil" melt into one before an influence wider, if not deeper, than the power of love, which he invokes to annihilate the difference of social position for the individuals in love, while it leaves them in full force even for their children.

Here, then, is for me the goal of coöperation. It is an aim that every social reformer has set before himself, and that in the present day the Community of Oneida are realizing for themselves in the United States, no less than M. Godin is realizing it for those to whom he gives employment at Guise, but which, in his case, has the important speciality of being realized without disturbing any of the ordinary conditions of life; without interfering with ordinary family relations; without any attempt arbitrarily to equalize earnings or deprive anyone of the free use of what they earn; without imposing any theoretical tenet; only applying the ancient rule, the "Do unto others," etc., with that practical completeness which those who must extol it are apt to excuse themselves for not doing by asking, "What can we do?" A question to which M. Godin makes the straightforward reply, "See what are the advantages you desire for yourselves. Consider how, without losing them for yourselves, you can place them within the reach of all in any way connected with them, and do this." What is the way to this goal, in itself so desirable, and which the experience of M. Godin shows to be attainable? How are social palaces to get built, and the land that their inmates shall occupy to be acquired, and the occupants to be sustained? The answer is plain. By acquiring and employing capital to purchase the lands, and carry on upon them such employments as will give to the occupiers of the social palaces built on them the means of living. Here we see the whole programme of coöperation, as I conceive it—Union to acquire the capital; union to lay out that capital in carrying on productive manufactures; union to erect associated homes, by which those to whom these manufactures give the means of subsistence may make those means as fruitful of advantage to them as they may be made; union to acquire lands on which these social palaces may be reared, and the ancient alliance between agriculture and manufactures be reestablished, under conditions more full of benefit than those existing of old, and free from the agencies whose disturbing action has in our competitive society proved destructive to this essential condition of human well-being. The bottom of the whole structure is union for the accumulation of capital.

E. V. N.

COMMON PROPERTY AMONG THE INDIANS.

[From a paper by Major J. W. Powell on Ethnology, read before the National Academy of Sciences.]

Among all the North American Indians, when in a primitive condition, personal property was almost unknown; ornaments and clothing only were recognized as the property of the individual, and these only to a limited extent. The right to the soil as landed property, the right to the products of the chase, etc., etc., was inherent in the gens, or clan, a body of consanguinity—a group of relatives, in some cases on the male side; in others, on the female. Inheritance was never to the children of the deceased, but always to the gens. No other crime was so great, no other vice so abhorrent, as the attempt of an individual to use for himself that which belonged to his gens in common; hence the personal rights to property recognized in civilization are intensely obnoxious to the Indian; he looks upon our whole system of property rights as an enormous evil and an unpardonable sin, for which the gods will eventually punish the wicked and blasphemous white man. From these opinions, inherent alike in their social institutions and religion, arises the difficulty which the Government has always met in obtaining the consent of the Indians to the distribution of lands among them in severalty. Tribes have been willing to receive lands and distribute them themselves among their gens. Among those Indians who have been longest in contact with the white man—as the tribes in the Indian Territory and Minnesota—much property has been accumulated, and with the increase of their wealth the question of inheritance and individual ownership has at last spontaneously sprung up, and at the present time these tribes are intensely agitated on the subject; the parties holding radical sentiments are rapidly increasing, and it is probable that soon among these tribes the customs of civilization in this respect will be adopted. Among all other tribes the ancient customs are still adhered to with tenacity. In this matter and many others of a similar character relating to their customs and belief, we must either deal with the Indian as he is, looking to the slow but irresistible influence of civilization with which he is in contact to effect a change, or we must reduce him to abject slavery. The attempt to transform a savage into a civilized man by a law, a policy, an administration, through a great conversion, "as in the twinkling of an eye," or in months or in a few years, is an impossibility clearly appreciated by scientific ethnologists who understand the institutions and social condition of the Indians. This great fact has not in general been properly recognized in the administration of Indian affairs. A few of the

wiser missionaries and a few officers of the Indian Bureau have recognized some of the more important facts, but in general they have been ignored.

A HEATHEN STORY.

In the autumn of the year 1874, public attention was suddenly called to remarkable spiritualistic manifestations which were said to be occurring nightly at the homestead of the Eddy family, in the town of Chittenden, near Rutland, Vt. Probably very little would have been known about the matter had not the New York *Daily Graphic* sent a commissioner there in the capacity of expert, to examine the phenomena and report as to their genuineness. The person selected for this duty was Col. Henry S. Olcott, a rising young lawyer of New York. Accompanied by an artist from the *Graphic* corps, he went to Chittenden and began his work. Having had some journalistic training and experience, his numerous letters to the *Graphic* were entertaining and instructive, being also well illustrated by the artist. Despite the fact that he was rather rudely treated by the Eddy brothers, the general tenor of these letters was strongly in support of the genuineness and reliability of the manifestations as being the work of disembodied spirits. Col. Olcott gave elaborate descriptions of the materialized forms of "Houto," "Santum," "Owanda," "Bright Star," and many other Indians, besides plenty of white relatives of the visitors attending the séances; and he was evidently convinced that the apparitions were the result of no trickery or legerdemain. The substance of these letters was afterward published in a volume entitled "People from the Other World." Any one who reads the book will readily see that at that time the author was a downright believer in Spiritualism, using that term in its modern acceptance.

On the 14th of October, 1874, while Col. Olcott was yet at Chittenden attending séances given by William and Horatio Eddy, an elderly Russian lady, Madame Helena P. Blavatsky, arrived and also began investigating. Col. Olcott describes this lady as "of distinguished birth and rare educational and natural endowments," and further says of her that she had "led a very eventful life, traveling in most of the lands of the Orient, searching for antiquities at the base of the Pyramids, witnessing the mysteries of Hindoo temples, and pushing with an armed escort far into the interior of Africa." He adds, "In the whole course of my experience I never met so interesting, and, if I may say it without offense, eccentric a character." Her past history and associations must indeed have been peculiar, if we may judge by the strange shapes which materialized and walked out of the medium's cabinet to welcome her at the Eddy séances. There was the form of an Asiatic whom she recognized as Michalko Guegidze, late of Kütai, Georgia, a servant who had once waited on her when she was visiting at that place. Then appeared Safar Ali Bek, a Khourid warrior, of Daratschi-Tehag, who had upon occasion acted as her personal escort in dangerous excursions. These were dressed and equipped in true Asiatic style. Afterward appeared the hideous form of an African juggler whom Madame Blavatsky had formerly known. He wore only a loose shirt, and had on his head four large horns. These and other strange forms came to greet her. Col. Olcott welcomed the apparitions as furnishing first-rate proof that the materializations were not trickery; for how could these Vermont rustics have known of such peculiar foreigners and been able to personate them at a moment's notice so cleverly that Madame Blavatsky could recognize them? The evidence was, in truth, nearly or quite perfect, it having been shown that the Madame was by no possibility a confederate of the Eddys. It was, therefore, a godsend to Col. Olcott, and it is not surprising that he and the Russian lady cultivated a very friendly acquaintance.

Madame Blavatsky was something more than a Spiritualist. She was a believer in Oriental magic—almost a professor of it. Her stories of feats performed by African and Hindoo magicians seem to have quite captivated Col. Olcott. They were more wonderful than the marvels he saw at the Eddy mansion, and he sat down at her feet as a learner. She discoursed to him of spiritual and natural magic, of all sorts of Oriental mysticisms, and put him upon a course of reading which led him deeper and deeper into the subject. She captivated him completely, so that after his return to New York, where she then took up her residence and wrote "Isis Unveiled," he substituted the study of magic for that of Spiritualism, or at least modulated from the one into the other, and under her tuition he gradually became a heathen. Together they founded the "Theosophical

Society," he being installed as Hierophant, she serving as the Secretary. A few others joined them whose names have never been published. The object of the Society was stated at the time to be "To obtain knowledge of the nature and attributes of the Supreme Power and of the higher spirits by the aid of physical processes." Geo. Henry Felt, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society, professed to have discovered the secret of the old Egyptian cabala, opening all the mysteries of the universe. He promised to exhibit, by means of simple chemical appliances, "the races of beings which, invisible to our eyes, people the elements." The beings which the Theosophists expected to exhibit, and which they called "Elementary Spirits," were described by Col. Olcott in a letter to the *Tribune*, from which we extract the following paragraphs:

"What these creatures are may be ascertained by the diligent and intelligent student who chooses to consult the standard works written upon the Hermetic and other Occult philosophies. Suffice it to say, that they bear about the same relation to man as he exists upon this and other inhabited planets as the sketch of the artist to the finished painting. They are more than matter and less than human beings. They are the emanations of matter, thrown off in the effort of Mother Nature to produce her noblest offspring—the sentient human being. When the child opens its eyes upon the world, or rather when it first draws breath, she has done all that lies within her power to do, and God completes the work by imparting to the new being an immortal soul.

"These 'Elementary Spirits' might better be called embryonic or rudimentary men, than what they are, by the Occultists, for they are, in truth, fetuses of the future human being, waiting in the womb of our common mother to be born upon this sphere, where their progress toward the perfection of microcosmic development begins."

Desiring to get at Col. Olcott's idea of the origin of these "Elementary Spirits" more exactly, the writer sent him a note asking some questions about them. The following extract from his reply adds something to the information contained in the *Tribune* letter, and would, besides, enable us to perfectly identify the theory he had now adopted, if the identification were not already complete:

"They (Elementary Spirits) occupy a place in nature between Matter and Man, being formed by Evolution from the Astral Light (Universal Ether), just as our own spiritual bodies are formed. In fact, if our dense husk were stripped off, what would be left (and what is left after the great husking of death) is identical with their substance. We only differ from them in having the Divine Spark—the *Augéides*—which the Hermetists tell us enters at the moment of birth;—(as the spark comes when the Leyden-jar discharges into a conducting body)?

"These creatures have minds, but no souls,—a distinction; for see! Mind, according to the Cabalists, is a function of the brain—a purely material function; while *Intuition* is the attribute of the soul. Materialists are men under subjection to matter—mere reasoners; they deny a spiritual world because they have no faculty which enables them to perceive it—they are *soul-blind*, as some people are color-blind, and as others cannot distinguish one note in music from another."

This theory of "Elementary Spirits," and also that of the occult properties of the Astral Light, is a very old pagan notion. All the magic of the ancients had its root in astrology, and the Astral Light was regarded as the superior element, being called the soul of the world, the *primum mobile*, the Azoth of the Alchemists, the Thot of the gypsies, the Tarot of the Cabalists. There can be no doubt, therefore, whither the Theosophical Society was tending. It was abandoning Christianity and returning to Asiatic paganism. A brief, galloping sketch of the subsequent career of the Society will complete our tale.

In 1876 poor old Baron de Palm died. He was a Theosophist and had committed his mortal remains to the Society to be cremated. There was a pagan funeral in Masonic Temple, New York, after which the body was burned in Dr. Lemoyne's furnace at Washington, Pa. Four or five pounds of ashes were left, and these were a few days ago cast into the sea according to the formula lately rescued from oblivion by the Swamee, Dya Nand Sarasevati, Pandit, the leader of the Arya-Samaj, the great Vedic religious society of India, with which the Theosophical Society has recently affiliated. These ceremonies procured the Society a considerable notoriety. Since 1876 Madame Blavatsky has held frequent receptions, usually on Sunday evenings, at her residence on Forty-seventh street, New York. Here the Theosophists assembled, smoked cigars, pipes, and cigarettes, and discussed all sorts of magic, mysticisms and heathenisms. It was, in effect, a school of heathenism over which Madame Blavatsky presided. One of the newspaper reporters dubbed it the "Lamasery," from its resemblance to the training schools of the Thibetan priests, or lamas, and the Society, far from repudiating the title, gladly adopted it.

We get our last view of this strange coterie from the

New York papers of Dec. 19th, which announce the sudden breaking up of the "Lamaserie," and the departure of Col. Olcott and Madame Blavatsky for Bombay, India, where she, at least, expects to lose herself in the bosom of the Arya-Samaj. There was a farewell reception at Madame Blavatsky's rooms. All the furniture, including carpets, had been sold. The guests sat upon two or three old, unsalable chairs, and on the boxes and trunks packed for shipment. Refreshments were served, there being only three teacups left from the sale, but, according to the papers, every guest had either a pipe or a cigarette. There was talk among the Theosophists as to their future. Madame Blavatsky said emphatically, "I hate the civilization you boast of. I shall go to Bombay and be with my dear heathen, who are free from the vices of Christianity at least. I shall only stop for a day or two in England, to visit our branch society, and then on to India. When I get there the first thing I shall do will be to go tiger shooting. I shall go into the jungles with one friend and with no guides, and we will not come back till we get each of us a tiger skin. But it is not for that I go to India. It is to work for the Arya-Samaj." Then they brought in one of Edison's phonographs, every one talked into the tin foil greetings to their Bombay brethren, even Charles, the huge Theosophical cat, being induced to purr into the mouthpiece; and the Society then dispersed. The next morning Hierophant Olcott, Madame Blavatsky, and one other, sailed in the steamer Canada, the Madame declaring that she would never return.

What shall we write down as the meaning of this strange bit of history? In Madame Blavatsky we have a hater of Christianity, a dark old woman whose mind is filled with a wild jumble of superstitions and mysticisms and juggleries which she has not the mental power to sift or properly judge; a woman so full of strange facts and memories that she captivates men wherever she goes, and who, issuing forth from years of adventure among the unknown millions of the East, comes to our country, preaches her hatred of our religion, and, at the advanced age of seventy-two years, retires with her one best convert to the jungles of India, expressing a savage thirst for the blood of tigers and a determination never to return. The breaking up of her establishment and her retreat surely means failure—failure for Col. Olcott as well as for herself. Does it not also mean failure for an attempt to rival and put down American Spiritualism and introduce a heathen system of magic in its place?

LORD BROUGHAM'S GHOST STORY.

[From "What am I?" By Edward W. Cox.]

The following is reported by the late Lord Brougham in his Autobiography, and I received from himself a personal assurance of its literal truth:

"A most remarkable thing happened to me—so remarkable that I must tell the story from the beginning. After I left the High School, I went with G—, my most intimate friend, to attend the classes in the University. There was no divinity class, but we frequently in our walks discussed and speculated upon many grave subjects—among others, on the immortality of the soul and on a future state. This question, and the possibility, I will not say of ghosts walking, but of the dead appearing to the living, were subjects of much speculation; and we actually committed the folly of drawing up an agreement, written with our blood, to the effect that whichever of us died the first should appear to the other, and thus solve any doubts we had entertained of the 'life after death.' After we had finished our classes at the college, G— went to India, having got an appointment there in the civil service. He seldom wrote to me, and after the lapse of a few years I had almost forgotten him; moreover, his family having little connection with Edinburgh, I seldom saw or heard anything of them, or of him through them, so that all the old schoolboy intimacy had died out, and I had nearly forgotten his existence. One day when I had taken a warm bath, and while lying in it and enjoying the comfort of the heat, after a freezing that I had undergone, I turned my head round, looking towards the chair on which I had deposited my clothes, as I was about to get out of the bath. On the chair sat G—, looking calmly at me. How I got out of the bath I know not, but on recovering my senses I found myself sprawling on the floor. The apparition, or whatever it was that had taken the likeness of G—, had disappeared. This vision produced such a shock that I had no inclination to ask about, or to speak about it even to Stuart; but the impression it made upon me was too vivid to be easily forgotten; and so strongly was I affected by it that I have here written down the whole history, with the date, 19th December, and all the particulars as they are now fresh before me. No doubt I had fallen asleep; and that the appearance presented so distinctly to my eyes was a dream, I cannot for a moment doubt; yet for years I had had no communication with G—, nor had there been anything to recall him to my recollection; nothing had taken place during

our Swedish travels either connected with G— or with India, or with anything relating to him or to any member of his family. I recollected quickly enough our old discussion and the bargain we had made. I could not discharge from my mind the impression that G— must have died, and that his appearance to me was to be received by me as a proof of a future state."

This was on December 19, 1799. In October, 1862, Lord Brougham added as a postscript:

"I have just been copying out from my journal the account of this strange dream: *Certissima mortis imago!* And now to finish the story, begun about sixty years since. Soon after my return to Edinburgh there arrived a letter from India announcing G—'s death, and stating that he had died on the 19th of December!"

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1879.

Subscribers to the "Socialistic Union" will please add to their list of members the following:

Alfred Cridge, San Francisco, Cal.

W. A. Pratt, Box 9, Bancroft, Daviess Co., Mo.

The following is a list of late contributions to our "Communist Subscription Fund:—"

Mr. W. V. Spencer,	\$2.00
" Allyn Cox,	5.00
" L. W. Guiteau,	2.00

THE TRUE GOVERNOR, AND HOW HE GETS HIS THRONE.

Peace and salvation come by the reconciliation of the head and heart. But this cannot be brought about by subjecting the heart to the head. Our affections are stronger than our reasonings, and *will* not submit to them and *ought* not. The worst possible misrule of the affections comes by attempting to make the head governor of the heart, as we see in the developments of character under the influence of skeptical science. How then shall the heart be made reasonable if the head must not rule it? This is the way. Outside of ourselves—outside of both heart and head—there is a mighty *spirit* in which heart and head are reconciled and set in the right order infallibly and forever. This is the Spirit of Truth. In the right crisis of the long, dreadful struggle of the heart against the head, we turn away from the head—from all within ourselves—and submit our hearts to the Spirit of Truth. That Spirit, having thus got a lodgment in the rightful center of all our passions and faculties, begins the work of subduing all around it; and its first and main achievement is to subject the head to its rightful governor, and make the head and heart one in us as they are in itself. The first unity is with something outside of ourselves; then comes unity of things within ourselves. It is useless to seek peace and harmony by working simply on the parties which are conflicting within the state; we must make connection first of all with an outside power, and that power must be stronger than any or all of the inside parties. Then we shall be "mighty through God," not through the force of our own reason, "to pull down strongholds, casting down imaginations and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." Here is the victory—in the power of God working first in the heart, and from the heart going forth to subdue imaginations and thoughts.

THE RED CROSS OF GENEVA.

This is the name given to an institution which seems destined to universal favor. It originated in Switzerland during our civil war, and its objects, as we understand them, are to afford adequate relief to the sick and wounded in time of war, and to the unfortunate and distressed in time of great peril and calamity from whatever cause. It is voluntary in its character, and appeals alike to one's benevolence and heroism. Its conception is due to two eminent citizens of Switzerland, one of whom had been a surgeon at Solferino. Public attention was first called to it at a meeting of the Society of Public Utility in the winter of 1863, and on the 26th of October following a general convention was called in its interest, at which were present representatives of England, France, Russia and Prussia and several smaller nationalities. By them the plan was partly matured; subsequently its provisions were formulated into articles of treaty, and measures were taken for securing their adoption by the different Governments of the civilized nations. All the European Governments

have approved them, and their acceptance is to be vigorously urged upon the United States Government. The articles provide that ambulances and military hospitals shall be acknowledged as neutral and be protected and respected by belligerents; that all persons employed as nurses, physicians, helpers or succorers of the wounded, shall participate in the benefit of neutrality while so employed; that inhabitants of the country surrounding contending armies who may bring help to the wounded shall be respected and remain free; that any inhabitant who shall entertain wounded men in his house shall be exempted from the quartering of troops; that wounded and sick soldiers of whatever nationality shall be cared for; that a distinctive and uniform flag shall be adopted for hospitals, ambulances and evacuated places, and an arm badge be allowed for the neutrals, the delivery of it being left to military authority, and both bearing a red cross on a white ground, etc., etc.

The order of the Red Cross, it is expected, will always have its agents, superintendents, nurses, ambulances, etc., ready for action at a moment's notice. It is obvious that such an institution might render great service to humanity in calamities by fire, flood and pestilence; but its greatest effectiveness in any country requires the approval of the general Government and the multiplication of auxiliary societies.

THE CLERGY ON SOCIALISM.

Certain prominent clergymen are beginning to realize that Socialism deals with interests so vital to the common people that the churches must soon take hold of the subject in other than denunciatory ways, or they are likely to lose their leadership of society. The clergy find themselves forced to talk to the people about Socialism, and according to all the reports, they have much larger audiences than usual when they do talk about it. On Sunday, December 22d, Rev. Roswell D. Hitchcock, D. D., delivered a discourse on "Socialism in America," in Dr. Cuyler's Church, Brooklyn. After alluding to the great spread of rude Socialistic ideas in Europe, and bewailing what he called the "stupendous mistake of meeting the evil by repression," as Bismarck and the Russian government are doing, he very inconsistently went on to say:

"Here, in our country, Socialism has also reared its head. It is not in accord with the spirit of our institutions, and let it be well understood that if labor raises the hand of violence force will be met by force, and 3,000,000 of farmers as well as others owning property will know how to stand on their own acres. Peace, order, family and personal property will be taken care of."

It is only two weeks since Dr. Hitchcock put the number who would defend the farms at "15,000,000 sturdy hearts," a number five times as great as his later estimate. But there is no occasion for such threats, and so Dr. Hitchcock seems to have felt, for, following his discourse, we find better thoughts rising, and at length come upon these astonishing admissions in regard to the Church and the Bible:

"But we cannot have peace till we grapple with this question as Christian men. Here is the poor man's Bible. Christianity is a democratic religion. . . . If I were an agitator and desired to make mischief I would hoist not the infidel but the Christian flag—the flag of democracy, the red flag. The Bible is full of cheer for the poor, and full of denunciations for the aristocracy. . . . Are we not organizing a system of religion and raising fine churches in this country to shut out the masses who constitute the two-thirds of society? It is not the fault of the Bible. *The Protestant gospel is degenerating, and I have for sometime viewed this with alarm.* Don't tell me that preaching is too good for anybody; it may be too fine, and, for my part, I don't want it fine. The plainer the gospel the better. Religion is simply the art of living well, and every man can understand that. Pews never became common till the year 1650. They are not to be found in the great Catholic cathedrals of Europe that have existed since the middle ages. All are on a level in the Catholic church, which retains its hold on the masses by such democracy. Don't you think the Protestants are losing by their pew system? The poor cannot afford to come and pay the rent. What shall be done? Let those who occupy the pews in the morning throw them open to the masses in the afternoon. Bring the light of the gospel into cellars and touch the heart, and the poor will follow you anywhere as a benefactor, even to a Protestant church."

We think Dr. Hitchcock is himself more of a Socialist than he is aware of. He said, "Religion is simply the art of living well." That is a good enough definition of Socialism for us.

On the same day Rev. Dr. Rylance, of St Mark's, gave a discourse which was fully as noteworthy. His subject was "The Relation of Christianity to Socialism." He began by saying that it is proper for a Christian teacher to teach the attitude of Christianity toward Socialism, but thought it difficult, for different reasons, to do this. From the report of his remarks, for which,

as in the case of Dr. Hitchcock, we are indebted to the N. Y. Herald, we take the following extracts:

"Put in general terms, Christianity may be said to be friendly to Socialism. Christianity, however, has little to offer in the shape of political arrangements. . . . Christianity works only by the higher motives of the mind. Therefore it showed no partiality for any government; much less did it originate any. What it does say is said incidentally. Its moral truths have an important bearing on social subjects. The fourth chapter of Acts seems to teach that Communism was the ordained form of Christian government. [The lecturer then read the well-known passage, saying that it seemed to be organized Communism.] I venture to affirm, however, that there was no such organization. This was a special consequence of special circumstances, and was not meant to be of general and permanent character. The men and women on whose heads the fire descended were in no fit state of mind to found a permanent system. It is thought that the spirit of Christ would render such a system possible, but is it not strange that none of Jesus' words hinted a disapproval of private wealth? The greatest and most fearless preacher of Christianity regarded society, in its structural elements at least, as proper. He taught all classes, but disapproved of none as classes. Paul gave tithes for the support of a suffering church, and so far we have Communism, but this was aid asked for and gratefully acknowledged."

"Christianity had something more important to do than to amend the social and political arrangements of the world. We believe that the Communism of the Pentecost was never meant to be a precedent for any universal arrangement of society. . . . I hold that the Socialism of to-day has many claims on our regard in so far as it works for the brotherhood of men. Yet Christians generally look on Socialism with at least jealousy and fear, while Socialists generally discard Christianity. What will be the end, who can tell? The devout will go on, I suppose, singing pious little ditties in their tabernacles and looking on the great masses of people outside as destined to damnation, while those masses will grow greater day by day until you Christians change your attitude. Your ablest apologists cannot conceal the wrong you do. . . . Men and women who struggle to live and who are forced to ask ugly questions as to whether the relations of life are ordered as they should be, have been alienated from a religion which tells them to be content. I have heard a preacher, learned and good, tell a congregation of paupers that they were blessed in being poor, that they could give thought to religion. It is such stuff from pulpits or disseminated in tracts that alienates the people from the church. They say, 'Oh, yes, your religion is good enough for silks and satins, but it doesn't do for the poor.'"

Dr. Rylance's remarks in regard to the Communism of the disciples and believers on the day of Pentecost are evidently intended as an answer to the point we urged upon him in the article "Wild Ideas about Communism" (Am. So. for Dec. 12th), a copy of which we sent him. But we are sorry to say his answer is far from satisfactory. He merely opposes his *ipse dixit* to the Bible account, and, in our opinion, this does not materially weaken the force of the inspired record. For example, put these two sentences of his together: "The fourth chapter of Acts seems to teach that Communism was the ordained form of Christian government. . . . I venture to affirm, however, that there was no such organization." Could there be anything cooler than that! He gives no reason for doubting the record, but merely "ventures to affirm" that it is not true. Think, too, of his undertaking to say that the men and women who were "filled with the Holy Ghost," including the Apostles who had been chosen by Christ to preach his gospel to the world, and who had for years listened to his personal teachings, "were in no fit state of mind to found a permanent system." It will not do to say that they were in a fit state to found a permanent religious system but not fit to found a permanent social system. So to be at all logical the Doctor will be obliged to throw overboard his Bible Christianity and Bible Communism together. There is one other point in his discourse which must not pass unnoticed. Dr. Rylance says: "Christianity, however, has little to offer in the shape of political arrangements. . . . Christianity works only by the higher motives of the mind. Therefore it showed no partiality for any government, much less did it originate any. What it does say is said incidentally." The apostle Paul is certainly a very competent person to define the government contemplated in the scheme of Christianity, and he has fortunately left us a complete answer to this point. In the 6th chapter of 1st Corinthians he addresses that church as follows: "Dare any of you, having a matter against another, go to law before the unjust, and not before the saints? Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world? and if the world shall be judged by you, are ye unworthy to judge the smallest matters? Know ye not that we shall judge angels? how much more things that pertain to this life. If then ye have judgments of things pertaining to this life, set them to judge who are least esteemed in the church. I speak to your shame. Is it so that there is not a wise man among you? no, not one that shall be able to judge between his brethren? But

brother goeth to law with brother, and that before the unbelievers."

This is a positive scheme of government taking cognizance of all external affairs whatsoever, and it was not given incidentally but expressly. The Apostle scolds the Corinthians in a way that shows how earnest he was about it. And this is exactly the sort of government which obtains in religious Communities to-day. It is all that is needed in Communism.

As to Dr. Rylance's statement that Jesus never expressed disapproval of private wealth, read what he said about the ease with which a camel could step through the eye of a needle compared with the probability that a rich man will enter heaven. Also his advice to the rich young man who wanted to join him, and other similar passages.

It is evident that the approaching quarrel is not between the Bible and Socialism, nor between Christianity, as taught by its founders, and Socialism. Indeed, Dr. Rylance very frankly admits this when he says, "Put in general terms, Christianity may be said to be friendly to Socialism." That is the view we take of it, and we must leave Dr. Rylance and all who are entangled in the selfish institutions of the world to adjust themselves to the fact as best they may.

DATE OF MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY.

A correspondent writes:

New Haven, Dec. 27, 1878.

EDITOR OF AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—Will you please inform your readers as to what publication of 1448 contains Mother Shipton's prophecy, and where a copy of that publication can be found, and oblige,

AN INQUIRER.

We are unable to either name the publication or say where a copy can be found. In our late article quoting the prophecies we wrote: "It is said that they were first published in 1448, and republished in 1641." The "It is said" refers to the London *Pall Mall Budget* of about a year ago, from which we clipped the lines. They were given in an article entitled "Mother Shipton's Prophecies," which began as follows: "As the so-called 'prophecies' of Mother Shipton are—for some inscrutable reason—just now engaging a share of the public attention, it may not be out of place to lay before our readers an accurate version of them. The prophecies, it may be added, were first published in 1448, and republished in 1641."

Probably the point "Inquirer" really had in mind was, that if the lines were printed in 1448 they must have been one of the very earliest publications after the art of printing was invented. It is not impossible that they were printed in that year; for, as claimed by the city of Haarlem, Holland, Laurens Janszoon Coster there invented the art of printing in 1423, making use of movable types of wood, and afterward of lead and tin. Gutenberg had a printing-press, movable types, etc., as early as 1438. (Am. Encyclopædia; art. *Printing*.) Printing was not introduced into London until 1474, and if Mother Shipton was an Englishwoman it is therefore probable that her verses were not printed until after 1448. And to relieve this point a little we may say that some years ago a version of the "prophecies" was sent us, with a statement that they were first printed in 1488. But it is possible, on the other hand, that the earlier publication may have been by writing instead of printing. Anything that is made generally known, by whatever means, may properly be said to have been published.

Rev. Cobham Brewer says in his "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable": "Mother Shipton lived in the reign of Henry VIII. (1509—1547), and was famous for her prophecies in which she foretold the death of Wolsey, Lord Percy, etc., and many wonderful events of the future times. All her 'prophecies' are still extant." If this statement is correct, it on the one hand delays the publication beyond either of the above years, but on the other hand renders it probable that the "prophecies" have been in print for several hundred years, in which case the precise year is of little moment. For if they were printed as early as forty or fifty years ago, they were, in the main points, as truly prophecies as if printed earlier. If they were in print even a dozen years ago, they ante-date the first installation of Benjamin Disraeli (March, 1868) as Premier of England and acting head of the British Government, which event is supposed to fulfill Mother Shipton's promise that "England shall at last admit a Jew." If any of our readers can give us more exact and reliable information concerning the date of the printing of the prophecies, where and when Mother Shipton lived, what she predicted about Wolsey, Percy, and others, and the facts as to fulfillment, etc., we will endeavor to give every one the benefit of it.

THERE are now-a-days so many suspicious advertisements of Silverware, Jewelry, Watches, etc., that we ought, perhaps, to say a word in regard to the offer of the Royal Manufacturing Company which we publish in this number. Readers will notice that the firm is indorsed by the editors of the *American Farmer*, *Independent*, etc. The advertisement has appeared in the *N. Y. Tribune*, *Times*, *Sun*, *World*, in *Harper's Weekly*, *Scribner's*, and, in fact, in all the leading periodicals. A sample of the spoons offered has been sent us, and it is a handsome and well-finished article.

COMMUNITY ITEMS.

ONEIDA.

—Happy New Year! Last of the seventies.

—At Reading Hour, "Tender Recollections of Irene Macgillcuddy;" witty and caustic.

—Commencement of the 4th volume of the AMERICAN SOCIALIST. Subscription-list small but choice and highly cosmopolitan—has a coterie of warm friends in New Zealand, that south-sea island, so notorious once for its cannibalism, but now populated by English of superior intelligence.

—Happy valley, this where we live; not a foot of snow and yet the best of sleighing. The nights replenish the little waste by day, and the temperature holds steady a few degrees below freezing, so that we couldn't have better getting about or sliding down hill for holidays.

—Interviewed this week by a correspondent of the press from Chicago. He thought his time quite insufficient, though he was here two days and a-half. We told him the New York *Times* man, who visited us last summer and blew us sky-high by his bulletin to the Associated Press, staid only an hour. He is a lawyer, and showed the sagacity of his craft by directing his attention especially to the children. He saw them in their most domestic retreats, in their school, their work and their play, as well as on the stage. He took notes of their phrenological points, their physical appearance, their sanitary conditions, etc., etc. What he will report remains to be seen, but he seemed to be very free from any prepossession or prejudice, bigotry or spleen likely to pervert his judgment.

—We received a call from Mrs. J. W. Stowe, a lady whose name has been before the public of late in connection with a bill which she has brought before the legislature of several States for the modification of their probate laws. She is also endeavoring to raise by subscription, the proceeds of lectures and readings, and the sale of her books, the sum of \$25,000 for the purpose of establishing horticultural colleges for women. She hopes to secure this amount by the spring of 1880, when, if successful, she will open her initial school. Her purpose is to offer a new field of industry to the weary girls who are immolated in factories or bound to their needle, and she invites destitute women to become students without money, their labor being taken in payment for expenses. She considers horticulture especially adapted to women. She says in her circular: "Some people claim that woman's nature is so delicate that she is unfit for the exhausting toil of the garden and greenhouse. I ask, in the name of all past history, what toil is more severe, exhausting and tremendous than that toil of the needle to which for years she has been subjected? The battering-ram, the sword, the carbine, the battle-axe have made no such havoc as the needle."

—December 25th—The merriest of merry Christmases. Last night the children were tucked in bed at an early hour in order that Santa Claus might carry on his mysterious operations unobserved by their inquisitive eyes. Soon after meeting was out the children's South Room presented a lively scene, for there was Santa Claus—a composite individual, represented by both kith and kin—stuffing all sorts of things into the many-colored stockings which hung in three rows on one side of the room. In addition to the home-made confectionery and the various nicknacks from the village stores, there were some neat little toys made of tin by our can-manufacturers, such as watering-pots, tea-kettles, pails, dippers, dust-pans and other things of that sort, which are especially delightful to the juvenile heart. But the scene at night was nothing to the one this morning when all the young irrepressibles came bounding down stairs, each seizing his/her stocking and delving into its contents, whilst a perfect babel of chattering rose to the stories above. After breakfast there was a pretty Christmas-tree for the tots in the Drawing-Room, where a crowd of friends witnessed the bright-eyed amazement of the little ones.

—To show what timber the Oneida Community is

made of, here is a little story about one of the *sills*. Mr. Enos Kellogg, from Somers, Conn., joined the Community in 1849, the second year of its existence. He brought a wife and three children and seven or eight thousand dollars. He came from the old Puritan stock of 1600, and like his fathers he risked all he had in a wild adventure, as his neighbors thought, for the sake of principle. He has never been what you would call a conspicuous member, but every minute of his life here has been stuffed with cheerful usefulness. He has served not only with his hands, but with his counsel as an experienced farmer and a man of sound judgment in all the affairs of life; and what is more, he has worked with his *heart* early and late to distil a good spirit, which is the best capital a Community can possibly have. His wife died twenty years ago, but his children have grown up staunch adherents of their parents' faith, the oldest son having been for several years one of the four trustees of the institution. Now for the story.

A year ago last August, when our new wing was building, Mr. Kellogg being then 79 years old, was one day watching a carpenter at work on the unfinished floor of the first story, and seeing the man bothered with a joist he was fitting, attempted to render a little assistance, in doing which he stepped inadvertently on the end of a board which was unsupported. The consequence was he fell *ten feet* on to the rough ground of the cellar below. He was taken up of course for a bundle of fractures, and laid on what everybody supposed would be his last bed. But albeit his bones were very sparsely cushioned, not one of them was injured, and what with careful nursing and his own cheery temper he got about again in a few weeks, to the great delectation of all his friends, which were all the Community. Isn't that a story? But here is the rest of it. He soon found his way into the children's chain-room, where he had been used to employ himself with a light hammer, riveting trap pans, and has worked there daily ever since, till this morning he tells me he makes seven hours a day at his bench. "O," said he, "this chain room is a great blessing; I don't know what I should do without it." It is indeed a fine thing for a Community family at least, where the household chores which can be done by hand are comparatively few, to have a home shop and manufacture of some kind. There is no enjoyment to many old folks like a sense of usefulness, and a valetudinarian often finds nothing so beneficial as light labor. Every Community should make it an early concern to find a home industry requiring a variety of simple manipulations adapted to weak hands, in which the elderly and the invalids, the convalescing from sickness and the children down to five years of age, and all and any who can't find enough to do to satisfy their love of activity or productiveness, can engage, and enjoy themselves. If our story savors of egotism we have deduced a corollary which should give it dignity.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Paola, Kansas, Dec. 18, 1878.

We are getting "cooled off" in fine style. Mercury 10° below zero, and we have two feet of snow.

The "Socialistic Union" has acquainted us to some extent with the "attention market."

"Count the Cost," in your number for Dec. 12th, is timely; for hurried attempts to "realize" are again on foot. But most of the correspondents we have found in the "Socialistic Union" are in favor of coöperation first, and closer association only when fully acquainted, and the cost is counted. This is especially true of those who have had "Lessons in Experience." E. Y.

Paola, Kansas, Dec. 25, 1878.

EDITORS AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—The Socialistic Union has been and is now the medium through which a number of efforts at Coöperation and Communism are being made, and so far as I have become acquainted with these efforts they are mostly of a theoretical character—assuming that those who can agree, or are of one mind, ought to get together and form an organization as soon as possible; and I do not deny having had a lively sympathy with this view heretofore, but recent reflection has led my mind into another channel. I think I see clearly that the best hopes for real, substantial social progress come from family and church unity. Let families who are of Communistic faith continue together and keep their property as one. If families who are related by the ties of kindred, and who are thoroughly acquainted, cannot harmonize and form the nucleus of a Community, it is futile to hope for success among strangers however well they may agree in theory. Another, and perhaps the best mode of starting new Communities, is to seek to obtain and then hold on to the revival spirit

in the church until enough hearts are melted together into one to warrant them in following the pentecostal model and continue together with one accord, no man counting aught that he has his own, but rather holding all things in common and giving to every one as he needs. This method, or this and the former combined, will secure success, if the great object aimed at is to build up a home that shall honor Christ, using Communism as a *means* rather than an *end*; and here is where I fear many fail.

Truly yours, S. HAWORTH.

[The following letter is from a man who has formerly written for the AMERICAN SOCIALIST, and whom we once assisted by advancing a small sum of money when he was in need. His letter so nicely exhibits a certain kind of genius that is in him that we cannot forbear publishing it. It is worth the price of a year's subscription, and we will accordingly send the SOCIALIST to him, if he desires it, during 1879. It must be said, however, that the letter exhibits a state of mind in no degree admirable or to be desired. The utter helplessness and hopelessness of the man, coupled with his drifting uncertainty in regard to all beliefs and principles, is evidence of the disease of mind which results from "free-thinking" of the wrong kind; and it suggests also disease of body with its consequent loss of courage and hope. The postal-card referred to in the letter was merely a printed notification that his subscription has expired, the same that we send to all who fall into arrears.—F. W. S.]

Dec. 22, 1878.

MR. F. WAYLAND-SMITH:

Dear Sir: Your postal card of Dec. 19th is at hand. In reply I would say—well, I don't know exactly what to say. I have been thinking for a good while that I ought to write to you, and now that I have begun don't know whether to make a long palaver or simply cut all short, and let any possible misunderstandings that may arise live and die a natural death. As a general rule, explanation explains nothing. I have in a general way become so accustomed to being misconstrued, that I let it go without caring—"least said soonest mended." However, I consider you a friend, not to me alone, but to people in general, and I should write to you quite unreservedly, but for the labor of it.

I will say then that within the last year a great change has come over my feelings—don't know what it means—perhaps I am going to die, or not. I don't read anything; don't want to. I write nothing; don't want to. To keep from starving to death I was forced into a business rut, and by implication into a different social atmosphere from what I had been used to, and now I seem powerless to do anything but drift along just as others do—eat or be eaten—and take it all in good part, without malice, pity or unnecessary cruelty. My faculties were on a strain for years; now they are clean let down, and I am unspeakably lazy, but not happy. In fact, I do not feel at present as though I amounted to much. I have been puzzled all my life, but was foolish enough to expect to get unpuzzled. I have given it up now, and accept life as an enigma with the solution of which I have nothing to do. In short, I know nothing; that is, I think I do, for I do not wish to be dogmatic even about that. I do not care about reading the SOCIALIST, or any other paper. In fact, I am tired out. I won't read anything, for a while at least. I sympathize with your motives, but not with many of your dogmas. My cultus is transcendental, nihilistic, agnostic, nature-worshipping, formless. Theology of any sort, positive, "circumstantial" spiritism of any sort, seems to me the driest kind of chaff. Still, I know that it don't make so very much difference what we love and worship, so that we really and truly worship and believe. As for disputations, I will have none with any one; I despise logic; it is a snare and a cheat; I will not argue anything with anybody. All is a matter of taste; let each one obey his best tastes and take the consequences. I feel in a transition state, and while some change is going on I am dumbly involuted. So be it, I care nothing either way. I never wrote only under strong impulse, and keep still for the same reason.

I believe that you people are friendly to mankind, and when I am satisfied a man is that I don't care much about the rest of his opinions or whether he has any. You helped me when I worst needed help, and I shall not forget it. But I can't help the cause of the SOCIALIST as I see. I don't know of a soul here that I could get to subscribe for it or read it if given to him. I don't know of anybody here that reads anything but the local gossip. I don't even do that. The fact is, the world—the real live world—neither reads nor thinks.

I inclose \$6.00; will send more if you think I ought, and will any way when I can better spare it. I have friends who are very poor, and I would like to help them. I have no great respect for property in the abstract; value belongs to those who need it most; I have no desire to accumulate wealth, and should feel guilty in its possession. But I am growing wearisome.

I remain, Yours truly,

[From the New Haven Palladium.]

EDITOR OF THE PALLADIUM: Can any of your readers give the name of the author of the following poem? It is said that the poem has been published, during the past two years in almost every Jewish newspaper throughout the world:

"REDEMPTION DRAWETH NIGH."

Lift up your heads, ye pilgrim bands—
Hark! hear ye not the cry,
Which sweeps across the desert sands,
His voice, who heaven and earth commands?
Redemption draweth nigh!

Lift up your heads! the Crescent wanes
In yonder Eastern sky:
Beneath whose beam oppression reigns—
Beneath whose beam pollution stains:
Redemption draweth nigh!

Lift up your heads! Euphrates stream
Is spent—its course is dry.
The Prophet's vision is no dream,
His burden is no idle theme.
Redemption draweth nigh!

Lift up your heads! ye Eastern Kings,
Ask ye the reason why?
Who bore you erst on eagles' wings,
You to your land in triumph brings.
Redemption draweth nigh!

Lift up your heads! the Nations quake
Who raised their horn on high:
See how their ancient pillars shake,
While from a dream their monarchs wake.
Redemption draweth nigh!

Lift up your heads! the Moslem's fane,
No more provokes a sigh:
So Israel's Lion shakes his mane,
I see Him stalk athwart the plain.
Redemption draweth nigh!

Lift up your heads! for Canaan's soil
Is yours—ye shall not buy—
Long has it yielded, as a spoil,
Its corn, its wine, its fruit, its oil.
Redemption draweth nigh!

Lift up your heads! Your temple dome
Shall once more kiss the sky!
Jerusalem shall be your home,
From which her sons no more shall roam.
Redemption draweth nigh!

Lift up your heads! lift up your voice!
Ye heralds quickly fly!
Bid Israel's exiled tribes rejoice:
Israel, the people of his choice:
Redemption draweth nigh.

A RELIGIOUS COLONY.

[From the Walla Walla Union.]

As far back as 1866 a religious colony was founded at the foot of the mountains, distant about nine miles from Walla Walla, of which, up to the present time but little is known by our citizens. The founder of the colony is W. W. Davies, a pleasant gentleman, who is well-known to many of our business men; and whose word in matters of trade will go as far as that of any man in the country. At the date of their arrival the colony seemed to be poor; but they settled down on a small piece of land obtained by purchase; and by steady, untiring industry they have grown rich, or are at least in comfortable circumstances. The houses are built in a cluster: some of them of brick, and all of them neat and tidy in appearance. The women and children are all scrupulously clean, and seen anywhere they would be taken as representatives of the better class. About the women and girls, of whom there are a goodly number, we noticed nothing peculiar. The men and boys are all distinguished by wearing their hair long.

Mr. Davies, the founder of the colony, and head of the religious organization, is a man of fine personal appearance, an Englishman by birth, aged forty-five years, and, as stated above, is an excellent business manager. All the labor of the colony seems to be under his direction, and an air of scrupulous neatness everywhere prevails. The farming arrangements are on an extensive scale, and all of the latest and most improved agricultural machinery is brought into use. Ample sheds are provided for the cattle, and even the hay is kept under roof. "Order is heaven's first law," and order is the rule that governs the little colony that nestles at the foot of the mountains. As far as possible this organization is self-supporting. Bread and meat they produce in abundance, and of wheat and oats they raise a large surplus. An extensive field of sugar-cane attracted our attention, and next the machinery by which the cane is manufactured into sugar and molasses. The hemp plant is cultivated quite extensively, and from it they manufacture all the rope and cordage required on the place. They also raise broom-corn, and during the winter season, many of the young men are em-

ployed in making brooms. They have no idlers in the camp, all being employed in some useful industry.

A feature of the settlement, and the one that more especially led to our visit, is a printing-office, owned by Mr. Davies, and occupied exclusively in printing tracts, hymns, and other matter in which Mr. Davies sets forth his peculiar religious views. He is not a printer, but his printing-office is organized after a style that would put to shame very many professional printers. The room is well lighted, the stands neatly arranged, and the presses bright and clean, just as they came from the foundry. All the work in the printing-office is done by Mr. Davies' three sons, bright, intelligent boys, the oldest not over 15 years of age. Without previous training under a practical printer, these boys set type correctly, and "space" their lines with a regularity that would put to shame the "blacksmiths" that infest country printing-offices. Our visit was made in company with Mr. Samuel Robinson, of San Francisco, Mr. Charles Russell, who although a neighbor, visited the colony for the first time, and Mr. Tom Tierney, who had out one of his crack teams, and put us over the road in fine style. After a general inspection of the premises, the party was summoned to an elegant repast, and what with the drive and the pure air of the mountains, we were in excellent condition to do justice to the bounteous dinner. All this time we have omitted to say that the men of the Community were busy harvesting the crop, and that the hum of the header and the rush and crash of the threshing machine was constantly dinning in our ears. After dinner was over, the writer in company with Mr. Davies, took a ride in the header wagon, his first experience of that kind. This over, and a general look at the farm, the party bade Mr. Davies and his hospitable lady "Good bye," and started for home well satisfied with their trip and most favorably impressed with the character and general appearance of the settlement.

In conclusion, it is proper to correct an impression that these people affiliate with the Mormons. This is a mistake. At one time they lived in a remote quarter of Utah, where they were persecuted by the Mormons, and inhumanely treated. They then removed to Montana Territory, but not liking that country, they finally found their way to Walla Walla Valley, where they have prospered and grown wealthy. Settlers in that part of the valley speak of them as good citizens, and say that when occasion requires, they are always ready to lend a helping hand. One article of their creed is, to help the needy, and the destitute are always hospitably received and kindly entertained. Of the peculiar religious views of these people we know but little; and if the reader desires information on that score, he must seek elsewhere. A religion that makes the relief of the poor and distressed one of its first conditions starts out well; and whether it is destined to take the place of older creeds, is a question not necessary to consider. Nestled far up in the mountains the members of the Community have pleasant homes, and are enjoying a degree of prosperity that brings with it a feeling of contentment that fully realizes the idea of rural felicity.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

In presenting the above sketch to our readers it is proper for us to say that we have no personal knowledge of the described Society; perhaps we should also add that one of the New York papers recently had an account of an interview with a man claiming to be a missionary of the Society on his way to the Old World, which reported both its founder and the missionary foolish fanatics; but we have learned by much experience not to place implicit confidence in such newspaper stories. We should be glad to receive a full and trustworthy account of the Walla Walla Colony.

A NEW FLUORESCENT.

We have received from Messrs. Munn & Co., publishers of the *Scientific American*, specimens of a newly discovered substance called "Uranine." It is one of the aniline group of coloring substances produced from coal tar, and is said to be the most highly fluorescent body known to science. According to Messrs. Munn & Co., its coloring power is astonishing, a single grain being sufficient to impart a marked color to nearly five hundred gallons of water. Of course, we have not ourselves made any such extensive experiments. The sample of "Uranine" sent us is a bright red powder. An interesting experiment consists in sprinkling a few atoms of it upon the surface of clear water in a glass tumbler. Each atom immediately sends down through the water what appears to be a bright green rootlet. Then the rootlets begin to enlarge, spread and combine, until we have a mass of soft, green-colored liquid. Viewed by direct or transmitted light the color changes to a bright golden or amber hue, while a combination of green and gold will be realized according to the position in which the glass is held. The water will retain its brilliancy for many days. The publishers of the *Scientific American* are sending out specimens of this color, free of charge, to all their subscribers.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

Wilkie Collins has not completed "Edwin Drood," and he isn't a going to.

"Don't never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you."
—*Wilyum Joslin*.

If Edison is going to electrify us with that light of his we wish he would do it.

Protect the owley bird; he don't molest your game, and he does eat a lot of mice.

You wouldn't think that Upper Canada would have any claim on that Fisheries Award, but she has though.

The four per cents. are selling right along at the rate of a million and sometimes two millions and a-half a day.

Mr. T. W. Higginson will give us a series of "Short Studies of American Authors" in *The Library World* (Boston) during this year.

The happy parents in New York City bought 125,000 Christmas trees this year for their children: 60,000 of them came from the State of Maine.

A dozen Utah Indians have been induced to put on boots and trowsers and man the noble wheelbarrows on a railroad in that Territory. Wheel done, loping Injun!

Story going that the Society of Economists near Pittsburg have just dug up and scoured and sold that \$75,000 in silver coin which they buried at the beginning of the war.

These are economical times: An officer of one of the English steamers sending from New York says: "We carry more men of business in the steerage than mere emigrants."

The French are going to erect a monument in memory of Rabelais, and then somebody will scrape that old satirist's writings with a hoe and try to give us a sort of deodorized edition.

In 1869 we imported nearly \$527,465, worth of paper and exported next to nothing; now we send off \$1,103,318 worth of paper and only bring back \$135,487 worth of that article.

"The problem before us," says Mr. Parke Godwin in a late discourse on Socialism, "is how to maintain the liberty of labor, and how to secure a proper distribution of its results."

In his "Shores of the Polar Sea," Dr. Edward L. Moss says the famous Eskimo dog hasn't any of the virtues of the canine race—he is "simply a wolf that has found slavery convenient."

The Shah of Persia has been to Vienna, and our Minister Kasson to Austria writes that now is our time to make a commercial treaty with the Shah and open a new market for our cotton manufactures.

The doctors are in some places plagued to death with that invention called a morphia syringe, there are so many folks using it to intoxicate themselves by injecting the drug into their systems through the skin.

Cleveland, Ohio, at a cost of more than \$2,000,000 has spanned the gorge of the Cuyahoga with a lofty viaduct half a mile in length. Communication between the two parts of the city is now a pleasant affair.

That banged-up Northern Pacific Railway has got on its feet at last, and will proceed to spike down a hundred miles of new track west from Bismarck on the Missouri, just to get the stiffness out of its joints.

Chief-Justice Waite says his court is "behind its orders," can't keep up with the demands on it. If that is so, then the contentious folk must ease up a little and not drive their matters into the Supreme Court.

Somebody in Congress is going to propose after the holidays that we have a silver dollar weighing 480 grains troy. Make your dollars as big as you are a mind to. Can use them for wheel-barrow wheels, any how.

Whistler, the painter who sued Ruskin for one of his very frank criticisms and only got a penny for his pains, is an American, and the son of our old Whistler who distinguished himself as a constructing railway engineer.

A mausoleum costing \$25,000 has been erected in Greenwood to hold the remains of Miss Mary M. Danser, the pious daughter of a New York gambler. She inherited a large property from her father and bequeathed it mostly to institutions of charity.

What will the women at Washington do with the wife of Senator Bruce? She is a good girl, but she has a theoretical African kink in her hair and some theoretical lamp-black in her "rete mucosum." Aside from all this she is just like our folks, and ought to be "received" at par.

The Coinage Committee have been looking at some 220-grain things called goloid metric dollars made of Corinthian brass, an alloy part gold, part silver and part copper. But what is the use when you hope to have the Treasury issue all the paper money and keep all the coin for a security?

Just look down there to old Tennessee; all her Democrats in long hair and butternut-colored trowsers, trying to repudiate their State debt of \$22,000,000. The bondholders would be glad to settle the account at 60 cents on the dollar, and not say much about the interest they have already lost.

General Grant is going to see India, China and the biased Japs—is going in a government steamer and the trip won't cost him a cent. His son, Col. Fred., has obtained a leave of absence to go with his father, and I don't know as you want to hear anybody grumbling about that as being an undue favoritism.

Say what you are a mind to, the progress of the world will go forward by continually disregarding what you are pleased to call the rights of some old stuck-in-the-mud. Painful; but there don't seem to be any other way. It is this view of progress that should make you satisfied with the British occupation of India and Afghanistan.

The great question in England just now is whether India belongs to the crown or to the English people. It is this that makes the Liberals so determined that the cost of the war shall not be saddled on India without Parliament having a word to say about it. Long live the English people and the Englishman's parliament!

It is proposed to organize the Indian Territory and call it Oklahoma. Please do so. That tract of land is half as large as France and has only one whooping Indian to the square mile. It yielded eighty-five unpunished murderers last year. It needs attending to, but it should not be organized in the interests of speculators or monopolists.

Some years ago the Government of France came into possession of seven small railways by purchase, and it has proved that it can manage such things well. One "management" now takes the place of seven; the force employed is better organized; sinecures have been abolished, and the general expenses have been reduced about 1,000,000 francs.

Why under the sun can't a great trunk railway get out a map showing the line of its road and its connections without making such a lie of the whole thing? Towns and cities are shoved around like pawns, and whole States are compressed into little wads and slices just to make us think that somebody has got a road as straight as a string from Chicago to Boston, say.

Six street railways in New York City pay to their stockholders what is equivalent to an eight per cent. annual dividend on \$23,050,000, while they are only assessed at \$4,141,209. Nearly all of the great corporations are said to beat the tax-collector in some such style as this, and we are likely to have a struggle before we make them take up their part of the public burden.

Edison works all night and sleeps all day so as to gain a little time from the intrusion of visitors. When will you all learn that great genius belongs to itself and can only be itself when left alone in deep converse with the invisible? Go home, all you kind, curious, sympathetic ten-inch bores. There was W. Shakspeare: he lived in a time when a man could do a good thing before the reporters got around him and took all the virtue out of him by trying to rub noses with him.

The Oil Producers' Union, of Pennsylvania, begins to have a lively hope of wriggling out from under the foot of that great monopoly, the Standard Oil Company. Capital has been secured for laying a pipe from points in the oil country to Williamsport, Pa., where the Reading road will take the oil in cars. In this way the oil-producers hope to get their products to New York for about one-half what their great enemy has to pay per barrel.

In his teens Bayard Taylor used to think it an illegant thing to write himself, "J. Bayard Taylor," but when he became of age he dropped the superfluous initial which, as he has put on record, was never any part of his given name. Some of the readers of that old magazine called "Graham's" will remember that somewhere about 1850 it had the portrait of a picturesque youth called "J. Bayard Taylor." That was some years after Taylor's majority.

Mr. Reagan's bill to regulate inter-State railway commerce is a sectional rather than a party measure. More than three-fourths of the votes in its favor came from the West and Southwest, notwithstanding the bill would, if it should become a law, deprive the Western producers of the cheap access to their principal market which they now enjoy, and make it impossible for railroads to adapt their rates from time to time to the prices of produce in Liverpool and London.

If we had a high protective tariff, just to keep the product of foreign brains out of this country, then our own intellectual cabbage-patch would begin to show some "good heads." See how it is in the matter of the drama alone. J. H. McVicker, the Chicago manager, says he has "grown gray almost reading original American plays," but when he finds a good one he can't think of putting it on the stage; it costs so much; besides it is much cheaper to do as others do and use a foreign play that doesn't cost anything.

Parke Godwin, one of the old Fourierites, has been lecturing on the Social Problem. "By a strange freak," he says, "debt has come to be looked upon as capital." That means this: You shouldn't let any of your capital be idle; your credit is a part of your capital or means of doing business; therefore, you should borrow every cent you can. If this reasoning leads you into anything embarrassing you can get your brother-in-law to pay up with thirty cents on a dollar,

and still prove that you were logical enough for all rascal purposes.

At the late dinner of the New England Society in New York, Secretary Evarts made one remark that every American can sympathize with: "Sometimes," said he, "statesmen have no resources after the dissensions of a civil war have been composed, but to create an excitement; to unite at once the discordant elements and advance upon a foreign enemy by means of war. But this great enlightened people know that it is better worth their while to make an advance upon the commerce of the world and sack its wealth, but without destroying its future means of providing new wealth to be sacked hereafter."

Russia has 7,000 young fermenting brains called students, and they have been petitioning the old man's boy, the Czarovitch, to do something for them. They complain that out of college they are dogged by the police and that inside they are not allowed to enter into those organizations among themselves so very dear to the student everywhere. The excitement caused by this and by the arrest of nearly 200 of their number has now subsided. Russia in these days gives one the vision of an engine-driver obliged to sit down on his own safety-valve. She can't say there is nothing to Nihil and his *ism*.

In June, during the Emperor of Germany's illness, Minister Bayard Taylor was invited to a private and informal interview by the Empress. She said very impressively: "The Emperor knew that I should see you to-day. He has the peace of the world at heart, and desires nothing so much as the establishment of friendship between nations. I ask you to make it your task to promote the existing friendship between your country and ours. You cannot do a better work, and we shall most heartily unite with you in doing it. This is the Emperor's message to you, and he asked me to give it you in his name as well as my own."

The New York Central railway now stretches across the Atlantic. Fourteen grain and cattle steamers—each of something less than 2,000 tons' burden—have been engaged in Europe, and will soon be in New York and begin running to Liverpool, Havre, Antwerp and Hamburg, in connection with this great road. They are slow-going vessels—requiring fourteen days to make the passage—and they will carry no passengers. These are not exactly new vessels; they have been withdrawn from the Mediterranean and South American trade of Europe. For some time past the New York Central has been unloading its wheat and cattle in Boston. This month it will begin to do all this work at its own docks and elevators in New York City.

Club life, so fashionable in the great cities, is an expensive luxury indulged in by rich bachelors and by husbands who are still in want of something notwithstanding they have made homes for themselves. The Naval and Military Club of London, for example, pays \$24,000 a year in rent and taxes, and its *chef*, employed to look after everything, gets \$10,000 in salary and perquisites. Another of these London Clubs—the "Junior United Service"—has 2,500 members. "For the year just closing there have been 43,720 breakfasts and luncheons supplied, and every one at a loss to the management in the sum total of payments and receipts. The number of dinners is estimated at 57,480, and they too at a loss to the treasury of the larder."

The Supreme Court of the United States has made a decision that will cause some folks to quake lest it may lead to the payment of many Southern claims and to the burdening of the Southern States with war-time debts. The case arose in this way: The Bank of Tennessee was chartered before the war of secession and had power to issue notes receivable for taxes. During the war it continued to issue such notes. At the close of the war the Constitution of Tennessee was amended so as to make these particular notes no longer recoverable for taxes. The tax-collector having refused to take them the case got into law, and now a majority of the Supreme Court judges have decided that this amendment of the Tennessee Constitution is void under the Constitution of the United States. The Court argued that all the acts of the State during the war, except when they were in conflict with the constitution of the United States or in aid of the rebellion, were and still are valid. Chief-Justice Waite and Justices Bradley and Harlan were in the minority, and no doubt took something of a political view of the question rather than a strictly legal one.

They call Beaconsfield old and jaunty. He can afford to be, for he is winning just now. In his late speech he tells the British that the immediate danger of war is passed. Russia has explained that she meant to make a little trouble by pushing her soldiers on beyond the Oxus and by sending her Mission to Cabul. Both of these offensive moves have been withdrawn. The Ameer has gone north and left his son Yakob to see what he Khan do to entertain the British visitors who have come into his county to put up a sort of back fence to their Indian possessions. This Russian feint—if it prove to be one—has changed the whole Afghan question and resolved the English on giving up the old hap-hazard boundary and securing what Beaconsfield calls a scientific frontier—and by this he means one that can be held by an army of five thousand men. At the present writing it looks as if the new Ameer would do everything the invaders wish. He is reported to have gone forward, big woolly cap in hand, to meet the English at Jelalabad.

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